

I spot an active drowning victim from a mile away.  
I save old men in seas like Hemmingway.  
The swimming pool not taken? Watch out for Frost,  
Don't get busted like Milton, or Paradise will be lost.  
It's like that, and that's the way it is.  
Don't Run, DMC, walk like the other kids.  
And if you get in trouble, I use a contact dive,  
I extent my rescue tube to keep you alive.  
If you're submerged, I'll dive feet first,  
And bring you to a backboard, never to a hearse.  
Because DOA victims are for amateurs,  
I do it my safe way, you do it yours,  
Like Raley's or Lucky's or Albertson's.  
Did the victim hurt his neck? I'm going in.  
I support your chin, airway and spine,  
With my head-splint technique everything is fine.  
My EAP is CPR after those rescue breaths,  
Then I'll check your airway for respiratory arrest.  
Then it's sweep, ventilation, and abdominal thrusts,  
I get the pool toy out I can, will, and must.  
Prepared for emergencies I've got my life together,  
And understand my job keeps you alive like Eddie Vedder.  
If you're a stressed-out mom who keeps her children fettered,  
Your kids are safe today, see, no lifeguard is better.  
Ten times as reliable mature and fitter  
Than your average lifeguard as a water babysitter,  
Betsy Weeks trained me well at Roble Gym,  
And I'm slamming into swim safety, not a Slim Jim.

Lifeguarding at the pool, lake, or the sea,  
I keep both eyes on your progeny.  
The Red Cross has got my back like 1-2-3,  
Because I'm C-E-R-T-I-F-I-E-D.  
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And when I act it's with informed consent,  
If you won't cooperate, I circumvent  
And call the cops, best recognize.  
It's not wise to distract me as I scrutinize  
The pool, it's called scanning, best take a hint  
And shut your mouth. You don't matter, like lint.  
Larry Flint might argue that your voice means something,  
But I be like Bush and say for safety it means nothing.  
I'm disciplined and talented at what I do,  
And hope to say the same for my lifeguard crew,  
Because unlike the Insane Clown Posse,

We practice our skills repeatedly.  
And don't cash in on tentative integrity  
Or fire dope producers for more money.  
Wait, what, where was I? I guess I got side-tracked  
Dissing Detroit high school drop-outs with new albums that are whack.  
Back on track, here's the point: I'm safe like "what!"  
Making sure the chemical room door's always shut.  
See that gardener's dirty trowel? Well, I don't.  
I'm too busy making sure your kids stay afloat.  
And see that dude who kind of looks like Shrek,  
But imported like badly dubbed French Star Trek?  
Nope, I double check the bubble trek from your kid's lungs.  
The shovel speck or smuggled Shrek distract no one  
Like me; I don't notice, no, just your kids.  
But did I see that kid run? Oh yes I did!  
Peripherally, so I'm a lay the smack down  
And turn their smiles into one collective frown.  
"Hey kids, stop running! You know the rule!"  
Yes I'm a tool from lifeguard school,  
But safety is cool here at the pool,  
And trust me on the sunscreen, don't be a fool.

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